

NOTE TO ANNOUNCER: There will now be a brief pause in the Forty Fathom Fish Program for station announcements. This is WJZ, New York City.

TIME: ( )

FORTY FATHOM FISH

( )  
9:30 - 10:00 P.M.

JULY 24, 1929

WEDNESDAY

EIGHT BELLS - QUARTETTE

SEA THEME - ORCHESTRA

STATION ANNOUNCER (THROUGH MUSIC)

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time we invite you on behalf of the Bay State Fishing Company, to tune on the program of the Forty Fathom Trawlers and share their sea adventures in song and story.

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT: (GRAHAM McNAMEE)

Ahoy there, ladies and gentlemen! This is Graham McNamee speaking for the Forty Fathom Trawlers - from the deck of the trawler "Spray", flagship of the Forty Fathom fleet.

We're homeward bound - coming up to Boston Harbor with Old Forty Fathom himself - sometimes known as Captain Bill Haft - in command. Captain Haft is a veteran skipper in the Forty Fathom service - one of the oldest and best.

Most of the boys in the crew are up here on deck now as the "Spray" slips on her way through the long, even swell of the sea. There's a peculiar feeling of anticipation in the air and it occurs to me that the explanation may easily be found down in the hold of the "Spray." That's where Captain Haft and his men have got a record catch of Forty Fathom Fish stored away on beds of ice.

(MURMURS OF APPLAUSE FROM CREW)

At least we estimate this catch at somewhere mighty near a record and we know this landing of the "Spray" will be a special event.

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Homeward bound! I don't suppose it is possible to feel the romance of that phrase anywhere but on a ship. It means a great deal to these deep-sea fisherman, I can tell you. And here's Mr. Sam Spriggs, the radio operator, with his hands full of messages. What's up, Sam?

SPRIGGS: Here's a message for you, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: Say, I'll bet that's from the office - I was afraid they'd have something to say about my running away en' this trip. Let's have it, Sam.

SPRIGGS: Here you are, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: Thank you, Hmm. Say, this is great! Just wait till we get in, Sam, and I'll tell you all about it.

SPRIGGS: Well, you see I know what it is already, Mr. McNamee - I took it down.

McNAMEE: Oh, of course. What do you think of it?

SPRIGGS: We'll have a great celebration.

McNAMEE: Then let's start it right now! How about a song from the boys?

SPRIGGS: Good! Let's have a song, boys!

(SEA SONG - QUARTETTE)

McNAMEE: Good work, fellows! Say! Where's young Peter Pillbeam?

PETER: (off) Right here, Mr. McNamee!

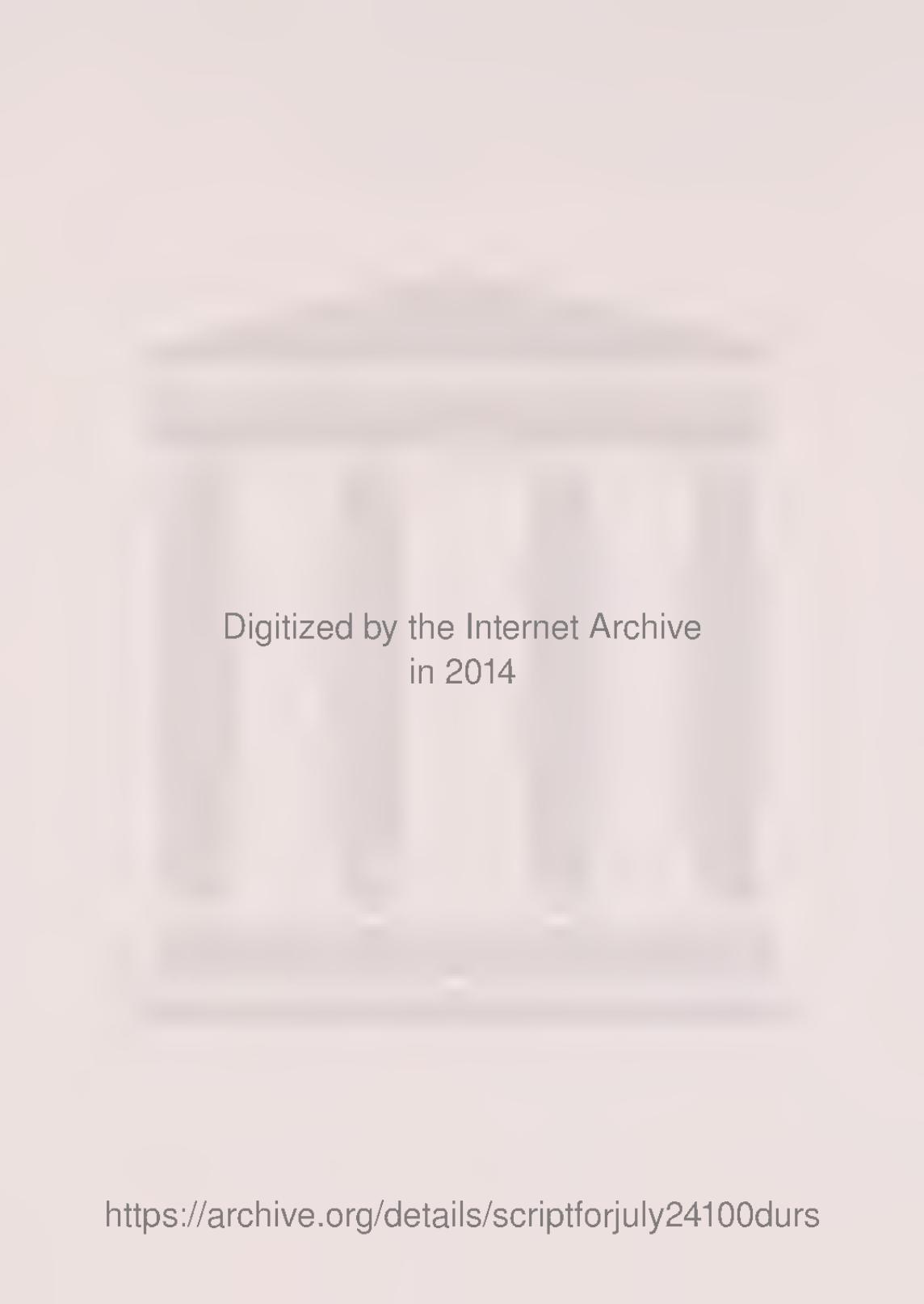
McNAMEE: I wondered what had become of you, Peter.

PETER: I was down in the galley talking to Alfred the cook.

McNAMEE: Down in the galley, eh? That's the most popular place on this ship!

PETER: It is with me, all right. But say - what do you think? Alfred's got a great big - -

SPRIGGS: Never mind about that, Peter! There's a time for everything, you know.

A faint, large watermark of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment is visible in the background.

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PETER: All right, Cousin Sam.

McNAMEE: Wait a minute, boys - the fellows are going to sing again. And after that I've got an important announcement to make to you all. Let's go, boys!

(SEA QUARTETTE)

McNAMEE: One good song deserves another, doesn't it?

SPRIGGS: But what's your announcement, Mr. McNamee?

McNAMEE: It's a brief one - but I know you'll all be interested. Fellows, I've just had a radiogram from the office - they tell me that special arrangements have been made to send out a radio description of the scene as we land with the "Spray" and her cargo at the Bay State Fishing Company's pier in Boston Harbor. (Applause) And here's the reason - this trip marks the 20th year of service by Captain Bill Haft as a Forty Fathom skipper! (Applause) And thanks to your efforts, it looks like he'll bring a record catch to make the day a really memorable one! (Applause) Here's my suggestion - oh, Clate!

VOICE: Hello!

McNAMEE: Is the ship's band ready?

VOICE: Ay, ay sir!

McNAMEE: Well then, when Old Forty Fathom comes on deck strike up a march!

VOICE: Right! We'll do it!

McNamee; And here he comes! Old Forty Fathom!

FEW BARS OF STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER - ORCHESTRA

CHEERS --

CAPT.HAFT: What's the meaning o' this demonstration, lads?



McNAMEE: That's the first part of a birthday celebration, Captain.

CAPT.HAFT: Birthday? Whose birthday?

McNAMEE: Well Captain it's yours, if you must know.

CAPT.HAFT: I don't think I understand ye, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: Captain Haft, this trip rounds out your 20th year as a Forty Fathom skipper. You didn't think we'd let that go by without taking some notice of it, did you?

CAPT.HART: That's kind of you, but I see no reason for makin' a fuss over me -- I've worked hard, and tried to do my duty, that's all. (APPLAUSE)

McNAMEE: Well, you wait a bit, Captain Haft, and see what happens. Oh, Jim!

VOICE: Here I am!

McNAMEE: Suppose we have a song for Captain Haft.

VOICE: All right! You know the one, boys.

(SEA SONG - QUARTETTE)

CAPT.HAFT: Thank you, men. I appreciate your singing.

McNAMEE: I'm sure you're welcome, Captain. I'm sure of that. And if you'll come up to your cabin with me, I'd like to have a little talk with you before we get in.

CAPT.HAFT: Why, certainly, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: All right, let's go up. So long, boys.

ALL: So long, Mr. McNamee, etc.

SPRIGGS: Well, Peter, how do you like the excitement?

PETER: It's great, Cousin Spriggs. Say - what's that ship over there - she's flying the same house-flag that we've got.

SPRIGGS: Let's see - oh, yes (WHISTLE OFF) Hear her whistling to us? That's another Forty Fathom Trawler - the "Breeze" (WHISTLE ON MIKE) Now we answer her - that's the way ships say "hello."



PETER: There's another one on the other side Cousin Spriggs.

What might she be?

SPRIGGS: That's the trawler "White Cap." She's another of the Forty Fathom Fleet. (WHISTLE OFF) There goes her whistle - and we answer - (WHISTLE ON MIKE) I've been talking to them both this morning with my radio.

PETER: They ought to get in about when we do, won't they, cousin Spriggs?

SPRIGGS: I suppose they will - just about. What do you think, ... Alfred?

ALFRED: I don't know, Mr. Spriggs.

PETER: Alfred! You came up so quietly I didn't hear you. Say, Alfred, I was down in your galley just a little while ago, and I saw a great big --

ALFRED: Be quiet, Peter - it's not time to 'ave that spoken about.

PETER: All right, but I think you and Cousin Spriggs are acting awful mysterious around this trawler.

SPRIGGS: Well, we've reason to, Peter. And I'll let you in on the secret - it's about our first mate, Mr. Joseph Billings.

PETER: About Mr. Billings! Well, I thought so, whatever it is.

ALFRED: Yes, you've 'ad a message about 'im on your wireless, 'aven't you, Sam?

SPRIGGS: I sure have, and I'll tell you right now what was in it! Billings is not what he claims to be!

PETER: Oh, how's that, Cousin Spriggs?

SPRIGGS: His name isn't Billings, that's what.

ALFRED: Then what is he, really?

SPRIGGS: We'll find that out, soon enough. I've a friend on shore who's been making a few investigations, and I expect a report from him before long.



PETER: Gee! This is exciting, Alfred.

ALFRED: Per'aps it may be, my boy. You keep a close tongue in you 'ead and you'll come to no 'arm.

PETER: All right, Alfred. Look! There he comes - say, he's looking pleased!

BILLINGS: Hello, men.

ALFRED: 'Ow d'you do, Mr. Billings.

BILLINGS: Quite well, thanks. Oh, say, Spriggs!

SPRIGGS: Yes?

"BILLINGS: Get any radio messages for me this morning?

SPRIGGS: No - not a one.

BILLINGS: Hmm. Sure about that?

SPRIGGS: Why, certainly. Come up to my room and look over the duplicates, if you like.

BILLINGS: Oh, I already have.

SPRIGGS: What? See here, Billings, you've no right to go prying about the wireless room without my permission.

BILLINGS: No? Well, it's done now, and no help for it. (GOING AWAY) Let me know if anything comes for me, will you?

"ALFRED: Good 'eavens, Sam! Do you think 'e saw the message about 'im?

SPRIGGS: It didn't do him much good if it did. Except - oh hang it all!

PETER: What's the matter?

SPRIGGS: Now he's on guard! We'll have to be careful.

ALFRED: We will, no fear. 'Ello - we're well down the 'arbor, lads - the pier's in sight!

SPRIGGS: So we are - we'll be in any minute now - and here's Captain Haft with Mr. McNamee!



CAPT.HAFT: Get ready to make landing, men!

VOICES: Ay, ay!

BILLINGS: Jim! Tom! Ready with the bow lines!

VOICES: Ay, ay! (RUNNING FEET)

MCNAMEE: What's all that over on the pier, Sam?

SPRIGGS: Looks like they've got it all decorated, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: (laughs) You know they have, Sam. For Old Forty Fathom's twentieth birthday on the "Spray" and a record catch in her hold! (APPLAUSE) I wish the members of our audience could see these boys on the "Spray". Every one of 'em has a grin a yard wide! (LAUGHTER) We're up lose on the pier now, and we ought to land in just a second.

CAPT.HAFT: Half speed! (SIGNAL BELL ENGINE DIM IN)

McNAMEE: Now we're coming up alongside. (CHEERS OFF) Can you hear the cheers of the men from the other trawlers who are gathered on the pier. Let's see - I recognize a few of these other ships here - (WHISTLES OFF) - and I guess you can hear them saluting the old "Spray." (WHISTLE ON MIKE) Here's her answering hail! A long blast of the whistle.

CAPT.HAFT: Easy there! Bring her along easy! Hard astern! .

(SIGNAL BELL)

(SPLASHING AS PROPELLOR REVERSES)

BILLINGS: Get those lines out, there!

VOICES: Ay, ay - easy, Bill! (CHEERS OFF)

CAPT.HAFT: There she lands - make ready with the conveyors, men!

MCNAMEE: Just a minute, Captain - ready, boys! Let's have it!

(MARCH ORCHESTRA - CONVEYOR EFFECT IN)



McNAMEE: That was the ship's band of the "Spray" scrapping old Forty Fathom and the men of the Forty Fathom Trawlers "White Cap," "Breeze," "Ocean," "Foam" and "Billow." We're moored to the Bay State Fishing Company Pier in Boston Harbor and engaged in putting ashore what is estimated as a record catch of Forty Fathom Fish. (CHEERS) By the way, Sam, how much would that be?

SPRIGGS: Can't tell you exactly, but it would have to be over 450,000 pounds, Mr. McNamee.

McNamee: Did you hear that? Four hundred and fifty thousand pounds of Forty Fish out of the cold depths of the ocean! You can hear the conveyors working as the great baskets of fish are swung on to the pier - the scales are near at hand there and the weight of the catch is being recorded. Say, I'm glad I'm on deck this time instead of on the pier - because down therethe air seems to be full of baskets of fish and you have to have eyes in the back of your head to keep from being knocked over. At least that is the way I found it. (LAUGHTER) Captain Haft has brought this ship home safely and in so doing has concluded his 20th year as a trawler master for Forty Fathom Fish. That's why the pier is decorated and crowded with friends and well-wishers who are at present waiting for the weight of the catch to be announced. What's that?

SPRIGGS: The man says they've tallied 400,000 pounds - already.

McNAMEE: What'd I tell you - 400,000 pounds - come on, Forty Fathom - - got any more down in the hold?



SPRIGGS: We're not unloaded yet. Say, Mr. McNamee, here are some messages from a few of the other trawlers in the fleet. Maybe you'd like to read them.

McNAMEE: Yes, let's have 'em. This one says - "Heartiest congratulations to Captain Bill Haft on his 20th birthday with the company" - from the Trawler "Crest". (CHEERS) Here's another: "Congratulations - the fish send regards" from the Trawler "Surf". (APPLAUSE) Here's one from the Captain and Crew of the trawler "Gale" - "Here's to Captain Bill Haft and the boys on the "Spray". (APPLAUSE) Say, how do you like this - "Come on Bill - give us a record to shoot at!" - from the trawler "Wave." (CHEERS)

SPRIGGS: Look, Mr. McNamee!

McNAMEE: Say, what's that! Have they made it? What did he say, Sam?

SPRIGGS: I'll run down and see.

McNAMEE: It's a tough job even equaling these fishing records - say, I hope the boys pulled it off for Captain Haft's sake, though. What'd he say, Sam? What? Fine! They've broken the record! (CHEERS) More than 450,000 pounds and not all unloaded yet! I knew they wouldn't let the old Captain down! And here he is! (CHEERS) Oh, Forty Fathom! Forty Fathom!

CAPT.HAFT: Yes?

McNAMEE: Just say a few words over the microphone, will you, Captain?

CAPT.HAFT: Why, surely, if it'll help ye any, Mr. McNamee.

McNAMEE: It certainly will - ladies and gentlemen, the skipper of this record-breaking trawler is going to speak to you. I don't think there's any further introduction necessary -



CAPTAIN BILL HAFT - - -

CAPT.HAFT: My friends, I wish to thank ye all for your kind interest. As to records, I wish to say this; the men in the crew of the "Spray" should receive the credit for that. I also wish to say that the masters and crews of the seventeen other Forty Fathom Trawlers in our fleet are quite able to equal or break the record we've been fortunate enough to establish. I take this opportunity of wishing them good luck. I thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

McNAMEE: You're very modest, Captain.

CAPTAIN HAFT: Well, Mr. McNamee, I've followed the sea for a good many years, if that's what you mean.

McNAMEE: All right, Forty Fathom - just look around, an you'll see what we think of you. All right, Alfred!

ALFRED: And 'cre's the birthday cake with 20 candles as I've made myself and kept 'idden in my galley (CHEERS)

McNAMEE: Oh Jim! See if you and Clate can coax another song out of the boys.

VOICE: That's easy - start it up, Jim.

(SEA SONG - QUARTETTE)

McNAMEE: And now I have another suggestion - a good rousing sea yarn from Captain Haft himself.

(ALL: Give us a yard, Captain! Let's have a story, Forty Fathom. etc.)

McNAMEE: You see all these young fellows here from the other trawlers - and our own Peter Pillbeam right here beside me - come on, Forty Fathom, give 'em an old time yarn!



CAPT.HAFT: Well, men if you want to hear from me, I'll be glad to oblige.

ALL: Sure! Go ahead, etc.

CAPT.HAFT: Then I'll tell ye an adventure of my own. It happened when I was only a little older than Peter here.

PETER: And where did it happen, Captain?

CAPT.HAFT: In the great icy wastes of the Arctic, my boy - far, far to the North.

PETER: I'd like to be hearing more o' that, Captain.

CAPT.HAFT: Then you shall. You shall hear how a tribe of Esquimaux rescued a party of white men.

PETER: Esquimaux!

CAPT: Yes, lad, and strange people they are, living in their ice-block houses and eating seal blubber and walrus meat. Well, this is my story: we were far north on a trading trip and the ice was getting thicker every day when one morning we ran into a blanket of fog ice and the wind started to blow half a gale.

PETER: Fog ice?

CAPT. Well, Peter, you've seen regular fog, but this was the frozen kind, millions of sharp particles as sharp as needles and thick as a closely knit veil. Facing that icy blast was like having thousands of tiny knives driven into your skin - (WIND EFFECT) - the men could hardly take in sail aloft, they suffered such agony. The ship began to roll and grind in the ice, and things looked bad for us all. I had been stationed forward and was trying my best to protect my eyes when suddenly a vague dark mass loomed up ahead. (CONT.ON NEXT PAGE)



Then a terrible crash (CRASH) sounded above the noise of the storm and our good vessel shivered from stem to stern. I knew what had happened when our captain rushed on his bridge and shouted.

CAPTAIN: Iceberg! We've hit a 'berg! Every man on deck! Helm hard down! (CRASH)

MATE: There she carries away the foremast, Captain!

CAPTAIN: She's looming above us - it's a mountain of ice, men! (RUNNING FEET)

MATE: We're stove in, Captain! The fo'e'sle's flooding!

CAPTAIN: Man the boats! Swing them out!

MATE: There's no water, Captain! I can see ice all round us under the fog!

CAPTAIN: We're jammed in a pack! (REAKING NOISE)

MATE: She's settling in spite of it!

CAPTAIN: So she is! Stand by to abandon ship!

(VOICES: Ay, ay, sir! (CONFUSION)

CAPTAIN: Load that sledge with grub, men! Over the side with it! We'll take to the ice!

MATE: Easy with the sled, there!

1stSEAMAN: Easy she goes!

CAPTAIN: Get your fur boots and heavy clothes, men! We'll have to tramp for it.

2ndSEAMAN: I think there's land to leeward, sir.

CAPTAIN: I believe you're right! We'll try it!

MATE: Hoist away! Over she goes! (REAKING OF TACKLE)

CAPTAIN: Over you go, men! We couldn't last one night here on deck!

MATE: She's half full of water, anyway, Captain - There's no saving her now.



CAPTAIN: All right, Mate - get to the ice.

MATE: (Going off) You're coming too, Captain?

CAPTAIN: Yes, in a minute - here, take this compass and strap it to the sledge.

MATE: (off) Ay, sir.

CAPTAIN: Good-bye old ship - I hate to leave you in this grinding stuff, but there's no help for it. (CRASH)

MATE: (shouting off) The mainmast's away! Come on, Captain!

CAPTAIN: (going off) Ay. Here I come down, Mate. Give me your hand!

MATE: (at mike) You're just in time, Captain - Where away?

(Grunting and squeaking of pig)

CAPTAIN: By heaven! That's McB the pig - we've forgotten him! Catch him, some one! He may need his carcass!

1stSEAMAN: I'll eat my boots first, Captain. He's near human, that pig! (GRUNTING)

MATE: There Harvey gets him down!

CAPTAIN: Forward, men! He'll follow us!

(SOUND OF SLED PUSHED OVER ICE)

2ndSEAMAN: Captain! I can't see! This frozen fog has blinded me!

CAPTAIN: Push on - hold to the back of the sled.

MATE: There the fog lifts, Captain! It's coming off wicked cold, men. Push ahead, there!

1stSEAMAN: Land, land!

2ndSEAMAN: It's mirage, men - we'll never make it! (HUSKILY) My lungs is frosted - I'm for turning back!

1stSEAMAN: I'd rather die out here than on the ship - push on!



MATE: It's zero or worse, Captain! We'd better turn back before our hands drop off!

CAPTAIN: Push along there, men! (GRUNTING) The pig's sticking to it! Hear him grunt! (GRUNTING)

2ndSEAMAN: I'm for giving up - no use,

CAPTAIN: Make your own choice, men. As for me, I'll go on. There's land ahead. There the ice piles up in front of us.

MATE: But there's open water beyond it - we're doomed men!

1stSEAMAN: I'm choking!

2ndSEAMAN: My face is freezing! God help us!

CAPTAIN: There's something moving out there. Bears on the ice, most likely.

2ndSEAMAN: I can't go on, Captain. Leave me here, I'm sleepy. Save yourselves.

CAPTAIN: That man's freezing to death! Don't let him go to sleep! He'll never wake up if he does!

MATE: What'll we do?

CAPTAIN: Slap him in the face. (SLAP) That's right!

1stSEAMAN: Harvey! Wake up! Wake up!

2ndSEAMAN: Let me sleep, mates. (SLAP) Hey! Don't do that!

CAPTAIN: Load him on the sled, men. Keep shaking him.

1stSEAMAN: Here you go, Harvey. We won't leave you.

MATE: What's that coming toward us?

1stSEAMAN: Esquimaux!

MATE: Your bears are two-legged, Captain. But look at their long spears! What are they going to do to us?

CAPTAIN: Get round the sled, men. I've got my pistol. If they attack, we'll sell our lives dearly.



(MUTTERING OF MEN GRUNTS FROM PIG) They may be a friendly tribe - and they may not be. (CALLS) Hello! Hello! We want to get to land.

ESQUIMAU CHIEF: (CALLING) Nuteskin! Nuteskin!

MATE: There he points back - they must mean "land!"

CHIEF: Woneoose! Woncoose! Woncoose!

CAPT.HAFT: (CALLING) Come over! Come over! Courage Harvey, these natives are friends - look at them running over that ice jam! Here they are and smiling! Thank Heaven you were in time, Chief! (SQUEALING AND CRUNTING) Don't hurt that pig - he's going to live if we do.

CHIEF: Relinute! Relinute!

MATE: See, he points at the ice!

CHIEF: Nuteskin! Nuteskin!

MATE: See where he points! He means land!

CAPTAIN: I understand him, men -- they're going to take us over the ice to the land! We are saved! (WEAK CHEER)

(PAUSE)

PETER: Gee, Captain - I think the pig deserved a lot of credit, too! (LAUGHTER)

CAPT.HAFT: Yes, Peter, he was a courageous animal and became a great favorite with our rescuers. Those children of the North took us in, shared their food and shelter with us, and their medicine man frightened poor Harvey into getting well. And in the Spring we were able to make our way overland to a seaport. But we never forgot that day on the ice, or our good Esquimaux friends.

(SEA THEME)



CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT:

You have been listening to another sea-goin' adventure of the 40-Fathom Trawlers, broadcast in the interests of 40-Fathom Fish each Wednesday at this hour.

Day and night the great fleet of 40-Fathom Trawlers brings these delicious fish from the cold depths of the ocean. Cleaned and stowed in ice on the trawlers, the catch speeds to the 40-Fathom plant in Boston, where the fish is freed from bones and waste, leaving only the snowy sides of tender, white fish meat. These 40-Fathom Fish are wrapped in pure parchment paper, packed in ice and hurried off to your dealer by fast express.

You buy 40-Fathom Fish in the same fresh, native cold condition in which it came from the depths of the sea. Always fresh - never frozen - as easy to cook as bacon and without a shred of waste. Just drop it out of the wrapper into the pan, and in eight or ten minutes your family can enjoy a genuine shore dinner at home.

40-Fathom Fish is a cool nourishing summer food, ideal for those who wish to reduce.

East, West, North, South - from the Atlantic seaboard to the Western plains, - ten thousand good meat and fish dealers sell 40-Fathom Fish. If you dealer hasn't it, ask him to write direct to 40-Fathom Fish, Boston.

The 40-Fathom receipt booklet prepared by the chef of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York gives the private recipes which the famous hostelry uses in serving 40-Fathom Fish. For your copy, just send a card to Old 40-Fathom, care of this station.

Remember not all fish in wrappers is 40-Fathom Fish. For your protection, look for Old 40-Fathom and the Big Blue Forty  
FFjr/MEH - 7/24/29

OYL 10544 B. 83